



Shadowrunner



12 0 2

Chapter 1 by Giovanni Han

All those guards standing in the open space of the entrance pit, like obedient dogs, of the Mining Dream Corp., a AA megacorp which skyrocketed in the Europe's ranking after discovering a strange, new and apparently infinite and clean source of magic energy. The corp attracted too many dangerous stares, from the likes of the Old Dragon Kalatres and his hatchlings nest up in the Alps, or the Roppongi Samurai Clan from New Kyoto.

Luckily for the Mining Dream, an elite dispatch from the Navajo Tribe arrived just in time before anything bad could happen to the new source of power.

Unfortunately for them, the Gladium was after some of their newly developed security sigils that let them defend the source for so long until that time, and the Gladium hired him, Mark "Viral" Twayne, for the job.

-A hard job nonetheless, but still a job- thought.

He was crouched on the top of the est wall tower, the one the Gladium worked for a week to silently find a way to shut its alarm systems off the core grid, making it just a fall tree in a forest.

Mark double-checked his equipment, and then looked at his shiny forearm, a brand new model for riggers, with 24 drone-dynamos stored inside, waiting to be deployed.

NeoMayan were surely fond of swarm like weapons, and even if he disliked that type of

approach, admitting how useful was that platinum forearm wasn't so despicable for him in the end.

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With a flex of the muscles

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